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GOD'S HAND.

BY HOLDS FREEMAN.

Thy rod hath smitten; low before Thee bending
With broken heart,
I feel each stripe; Thy dear hand meek kissing,
Doth sweeten smart.
Thy hand chastising, there is mingled sweetness
With sharpest pain;
Thou biddest up the broken heart, rejoicing
It lives again.
But this dark slumber, this cold word deep wounding,
This marred, spoiled plan,
This thwarted scheme and deed of treachery
Is all of man.
And full of bitterness, no voice consoling,
Like balm doth fall;
On wounded spirit not one drop to sweeten
The pain and gall.
Yet stay, my soul! From far back days clear ringing
Comes, sweet and true,
The patriarch's calm voice of faith declaring
"It was not you,
"But God that sent me here." Oh, blest assurance!
Not cruel man,
Not you, my brethren, conscience-stricken,
Covering
"Woe's dark dark ban, —
But God. Now hushed is all this wild re-
peating;
By faith I see,
In all these years of bondage, spirit fret-
ting,
His will for me.
God's hand that rules! Faith rears her
head triumphant —
His hand in all;
For not without His leave the meanest
sparrow
Shall flitting fall.
He holds the billows in His hand, controlling
The lightning's streak;
Yet, more to me, He sends each tear-drop
stealing
Down grief-stained cheek.

REMINISCENCES OF PREACHERS, PULPITS AND PREACHING.

BY REYNARD.

SCHOLASTIC HONORS.

In the early history of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, or rather "Connexion," as it was almost universally called, academic titles were very sparsely enjoyed. There were but few A. M.'s and fewer D. D.'s. What few there were invariably secured denominational recognition. Every L. L. D., D. D., and even A. M., was religiously printed in the Minutes, and as ostentatiously paraded on missionary and anniversary placards as possible. But then these titles in that day meant something. Henry Fish's A. M. and Brother Galland's D. D. were not bought, as some have been in these later days, if rumor is to be trusted.

PREACHERS' HOUSES AND STEWARDS' SUPPLIES.

The houses owned by the circuits were generally plain and substantial, and they were plainly and substantially furnished. The disciplinary allowance was small, but the stewards provided candles, coals, servants, and paid all postage bills. Where it was needed they also provided a "circuit horse" and defrayed all the expenses of keeping him. They provided a bride for his mouth, a saddle for his shoulders, and a gig for any itinerant too fat or too infirm to mount his back. The junior preacher usually boarded with the superintendent of the circuit. Thus in one of the wealthiest of Methodist societies, Samuel Romilly Hall, who was afterwards president of the Conference, boarded with Richard Reece. Where the wife of the superintendent was a termagant, as sometimes was the case, this arrangement was a great annoyance and oppression to the younger brethren.

HABITS AND WORK OF THE EARLY WESLEYAN PREACHERS.

As a class the early itinerants were men of some rotundity and of commanding presence. They certainly were "good livers." We shall prudently draw a veil over their habits so far as wine and tobacco are concerned. The ideas of this age on temperance had not then been born. Quarterly meetings were scenes of decorous jollity. Stewards were voted stingy who did not provide creature comforts, both solid and liquid, in abundance. Every vestry, almost, had its corner cupboard with its cake and decanters. It was one of the sexton's most important duties to unlock that cupboard and place its contents on the vestry table before the preacher entered the pulpit and when he was about to leave it. It was also his duty to precede the preacher, carrying his Bible and hymn-book, opening the pulpit door for him to enter, and closing it for him when he had done so.

DR. WADDY AND THE GOWN.

Dr. S. D. Waddy was one of Methodism's greatest men. He was the son of one of its earliest preachers, a man of unrivaled pulpit power. He was the first preacher that the writer ever saw that used manuscript in a Wesleyan pulpit. He became president of the Conference, and as influential a one as ever occupied the chair.
When stationed in the Hull West circuit, of which the pre-eminent William Smith was superintendent, he was very popular, attracting great numbers of the wealthier classes and crowding the chapels to an extent such as had never been known before. He was somewhat ritualistic in his tastes, but withal loyal to his denomination and submissive to its usages. In a large company of ladies who had met for some church purpose in the vestry of Waltham Street chapel—the chapel in the pulpit of which Drs. Galland and Beaumont died while conducting morning service—the conversation embraced the question as to the propriety or impropriety of wearing a gown in the desk. Dr. Waddy was appealed to for his opinion. He impulsively replied, "If I ever find a gown hanging in this vestry, you will soon know my opinion." The ladies understood the hint. On Sunday morning a gown of the stiffest silk, with immensely full sleeves and elaborate bands to match, were on the vestry table.

A SENSATION AND AN EMBLEM.

It was the custom in those early days, if any of the wealthier members or the friends of such members died, to send to the preacher a silk scarf and a pair of gloves, which he was expected to wear at the public service immediately following the death. It happened that on the very Sabbath that the gown was laid so invitingly on the vestry table, a member of one of the best known families of the society had died. Accordingly, the deceased being a young person, a heavy white silk scarf was sent and white gloves. These with the gown and its appendages made quite a tiring-room of the plain Methodist vestry. The writer was present that morning, and well does he remember the wonder of the crowded chapel at the unwanted delay in the preacher's appearance, and the astonishment of the congregation when Dr. Waddy filled and darkened the vestry door and waddled (we disavow any pun) up the pulpit stairs with his multitudinous and almost grotesque load of silks and lilies.
As he was unused to such adornments, the preacher found them a great embarrassment to him. The bands would get awry, and kept slipping up under his ears. The impedimenta, however, did not prevent the irrepressible orator from preaching a most wonderful sermon on the high-priesthood of Christ.
As soon as he was recognized, a distinguished local preacher, Charles Welch, stood for a moment looking agast. As soon as he was assured that there was no mistake—that it really was Dr. Waddy—he with a small following ostentatiously marched out of the chapel. A war of pamphlets followed. The superintendent of the circuit forbade any such display for the future. The Doctor sub-

mitted with most excellent grace, and so ended "the war of the gown."

WILBRAHAM ACADEMY.

BY REV. L. CROWELL, D. D.

In the charming "Autobiography," just issued, of Bishop E. O. Haven—certainly one of our most distinguished educators—on page 82, I find remarks showing his views of Conference seminaries. He says: "Two years and a half spent in charge of Amenia Seminary gave me a high appreciation of the value of schools of this grade. If these seminaries are well conducted by religious instructors, they are fountains of pure thought and character. The church will surrender great powers when it abandons schools of this grade. Could I live my life over again, I would ask no higher honor than to manage one of them for life."

To me these are eminently wise views and words. What position is more to be coveted than his who has charge every year of four or five hundred young persons at the most susceptible period of life? With his maturest judgment, and familiarity with schools of all grades, the Bishop says of these, "I would ask no higher honor than to manage one of them for life." Revivals of great power are more frequent in these seminaries than in any other schools, and they may be well called character-forming schools. No one instrumentality, I judge, has done more to build up Methodism in New England than the Wilbraham Academy. Of the sixteen thousand students that have attended it, probably one-third came from families outside of our church, and many of them from irregular homes. Of these, large numbers were there converted, joined the church, became ministers or ministers' wives, or teachers, and important members of society; while the influence of the school upon the youth and families of Methodism itself has been incalculably great.

The amount of popular favor secured to the denomination at an early date, through the Academy, was very remarkable. It would be impossible to ascertain the number of persons and families brought into pleasant relation to the Methodist Church through the influence of this school; but the number is certainly very large. This influence, so helpful to the church, still continues. Many young men have graduated at the Wesleyan University and other colleges, and have entered upon high positions in life, who never would have gone to college but for the influence of this Academy upon their character and plans of life.

What we specially need to do now is to devise plans for sending large numbers of our young people from this school to the colleges, and so diffuse more widely the benefits and influence of higher education among our people. To this our thought, effort and hope may well be directed till success crowns our endeavor. The debt out of the way, this work will go forward.

I earnestly ask the continued cooperation of all in the work of my agency. I feel the need of sympathy and help in the work of the year. Ten thousand dollars must yet be subscribed, or given, to cancel the debt. This is a difficult task, with so many other objects competing. I therefore entreat friends to help by subscribing, and by influencing others to do so. By several parties, advanced in life, \$4,500—I trust as the basis of an endowment—were placed in the funds of the Academy last year on annuities at six per cent., payable semi-annually. Others doubtless would thus contribute, if they were personally invited and had proper explanation given them of this very important matter. I invite correspondence upon this, and upon legacies, and all other questions pertaining to my agency. With united effort this year may witness great advancement in the interests of the good old Academy.

If brethren and friends to whom I have written will respond as many have, even if the letter is but a word of cheer, I will be thankful; if containing a subscription, I shall be ecstatically thankful; and to all who have thus far given me aid and encouragement, I would now publicly declare my gratitude.
Lynn, May 2, 1883.

"THE FIRST OFFICIAL HYMN BOOK" AGAIN.

BY DAVID CREAMER.

The record of the "facts" of the origin of the first official hymn-book of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by Rev. Charles S. Nutter, in *Zion's Herald* of April 25, 1883, is of the greatest historical and ecclesiastical importance; and at a bound elevates him to the highest place among American Methodist hymnologists. The revelation was as unlooked for as it is acceptable and gratifying. The solution of that problem has puzzled and eluded the writer for more than two score years; but being on a false scent, he had come as near the answer as it was possible ever to come in that direction. Who would have supposed that our own book agents would have perpetrated what has the appearance of a deliberate act of plagiarism, by taking a book which they find already in general use among Methodists, make a small addition of twenty-eight hymns to its contents, insert an "Address to the Members and Friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church," signed by two bishops, add the imprint of the Book Concern, and call it the "tenth edition," 1790, when it is really the first edition of the work as an official Methodist hymn-book, as I correctly term it in the *Christian Advocate* of Jan. 12, 1882, referred to by Mr. Nutter, though, perhaps, the "tenth edition" of Mr. Robert Spence's book, counting from its first issue at York, England, in 1781? Bishops Coke and Asbury, and especially Rev. John Dickinson, book steward and editor, are to blame for this interrupting and muddying the pure stream of church history, and perpetuating the dishonorable conduct of an English Methodist bookseller.

I had heard of, but never seen, Mr. Robert Spence's famous book, published at York, entitled "A Pocket Hymn Book," and read what Mr. Wesley says of that man (but not by name) in the preface to his "Pocket Hymn Book" of 1786. Mr. Wesley published two hymnals with that title, one in 1784, the other in 1786, as stated. In the former he makes no reference to Mr. Spence's book, perhaps because his attention had not been directed to it; but in the latter he complains loudly of his conduct. He says that for some years many of his preachers desired him to publish a small hymn-book for common use in his societies, which he promised to do as soon as he had finished some business then on his hands. But before he could do this, the York bookseller stepped in, and, without his consent or knowledge, extracted such a hymn-book chiefly from his and his brother's works, and spread several editions throughout the country; so that when Mr. Wesley's book appeared, his people were mostly supplied with the other work. This was Spence's book, to which Mr. Nutter alludes in his late article; the circulation of which Mr. Wesley and his preachers tried so hard to prevent, as it hurt the sale of his own publications, and was otherwise objectionable in the doggerel character of some of its hymns, to several of which Mr. Wesley specifically refers and strongly condemns.

It is a singular fact, and to be regretted, that our magnificent Hymnal should have so disreputable paternity. At the time of the establishment of the M. E. Church, there were in circulation in this country several of Mr. Wesley's hymn-books, which had been republished—one entitled "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," as early as 1770; and another, in three parts, each part being a separate publication, composed of the above work as part first; "A Collection of Psalms and Hymns," as part second; and a work known as "Redemption Hymns," as the third part. Besides these, in 1790, when Spence's "Pocket Hymn Book" was chosen without authority of the Conference the official hymnal of the church, there was doubtless, also, in circulation, Mr. Wesley's "Pocket Hymn Book" of 1786, issued by him for the special purpose of supplanting Spence's surreptitious publication. In support of this proposition, there lies before the writer a well-preserved copy of the work, containing

the name of Rev. Nelson Reed, one of the first or second race of Methodist preachers in America.

It may be said that an exposure of this kind will not now accomplish any desirable end. Whether or not the revelations made by Mr. Nutter and the writer are in themselves improper, may afford room for controversy by involving by implication our first bishops and book steward in transactions of at least doubtful propriety; but the facts of history should neither be perverted nor suppressed. The writer believes, however, that in this investigation the church has nothing to fear.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MANCHESTER.

One of the events worthy of note in the Methodist circles of New Hampshire, is the erection of the new St. Paul's Church, Manchester.
For about forty years they have worshipped in the church on Elm Street. As the city grew in size, and business houses multiplied, the noise of travel became so great that it was often annoying to worshippers. Then the first floor was occupied by stores, that were not the property of the church, but they were compelled to keep a roof over them. They could not enlarge unless they went toward the starry regions. The house needed repairing. Something must be done; and between spending three or four thousand dollars in repairs, or building a new church, they hesitated for a time.

Three years ago this spring, Rev. A. E. Drew was appointed to the pastorate of the church. He soon began the work of inquiry to find out the minds of the people. They were quite unanimous in favor of a new church. He at once began the work of removing the encumbrance placed upon the sale of the property. The larger part of a year was spent in this; and it was only through his determined perseverance that the work of disentanglement was successfully completed. The old house was sold for \$12,000, the parsonage for \$3,500, and over \$19,000 was raised on subscription. Mr. Wm. M. Butterfield, a member of the church, made the plans, contracts were let, and on April 13, the completed structure was dedicated to the worship of God according to the ritual of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

For a description of the church we are indebted largely to the *Mirror and American*, and to the *Manchester Daily Union*, from which we gather the following facts:—
"The new house of worship stands on a lot ninety-six by one hundred and fifty feet in size, and is a substantial and gratifying addition to the architecture of the city—substantial both in the sense of being solid and enduring, and in the sense of being significant and important as demonstrating the growth of a religious denomination. The architecture of the building is modeled Gothic, and while a person cannot well help being pleased with its exterior appearance, one is delighted with the arrangements of the interior. The structure is surmounted by two towers, the larger on the southeast corner, where it occupies a space of twenty-three feet square, and is one hundred and thirty-four feet in height, twelve feet less than the architect intended; and this cutting down has a tendency to lessen its grandeur. The other tower is in the opposite, southwest corner, and attains to a height of sixty-five feet. The entrances into the edifice are by means of spacious doorways in the towers, one from Amherst and the other from Union Street, but there are other entrances and egresses at the north end of the building which could be made use of in case of fire. The door-ways on the front lead into commodious vestibules, which, in turn, open into the lecture-room, and from the lecture-room doors lead to the ladies' parlor, dining-room, Sabbath-school library (which has accommodations for 1,000 volumes), and the kitchen, while on either side of the lecture-room, so-called, are classrooms, separated from the former by glass windows, which, however, can be pushed upward out of view, and thus the lecture and classrooms are converted into one apartment. These rooms on the ground floor are all twelve feet posted, and their arrangement for convenience and the uses for which they were designed cannot be surpassed by any of the churches in the State.

"From the vestibules stairways six feet in width lead to the audience-room above, and on reaching this, one can scarcely repress an exclamation of admiration for the beauty of its design, the uniformity of its finish, and its superb decorations. All of the finish, even including the pulpit furniture, is handsomely done in white ash, and the pews are arranged in a unique semi-circular form of five sections, the centre-line radiating directly from the pulpit. The seating capacity of the room is upwards of 800. It is twenty-one feet in height on the sides and thirty-eight feet in the centre. The pulpit is directly in front of the organ, this latter instrument being one of Hutchins, Plaised & Co.'s manufacture, of Boston, the air being pumped into the same by a water motor. It is a \$3,000 organ, and was obtained in exchange for the old instrument and the payment of \$2,000 additional. Two tablets, both on the northern wall, one to the right and the other to the left of the pulpit, contain, one the Ten Commandments, and the other the Apostles' Creed, while directly above the handsome chancel arch enclosing the organ, is another inscription, which is balanced by one directly opposite over the window on the south side of the house. All of the Scriptural quotations were selected by Rev. A. E. Drew. The room is lighted by seven Gothic windows of rolled cathedral glass three of them being

memorial pieces, one in remembrance of the late Ezra W. Bartlett, one in remembrance of the late Rev. Joseph C. Emerson, and the other in remembrance of the late James Dean. The illumination required during the evenings will mainly be supplied by a centrally-located and very handsome chandelier, which is six feet in diameter, and is supplied with sixty gas burners, and an opal glass reflector. In addition there are pillar lights on each side of the organ gallery, and bracket lights on the side rails.

"Ventilation is secured by means of four ventilating flues or ducts, built in the walls, each of which is furnished with two ventilators, and by no means of a novel arrangement the cold air is forced to the basement, heated by the furnace, and thence returned to the auditorium, by means of the lower ventilators alone, while the upper ones serve to carry off the vitiated air."

The frescoing of the auditorium is especially attractive. The artist, Mr. Gannon, considers it the best piece of work he has ever done, and people throughout New Hampshire who are familiar with his genius in the line of decorations, must realize that his effort in this church has been a grand one. The ceiling is cut up into panels, the ground-work in cool olive tints, and the designs in gold, russet, green and red tints, edged with black; the centre piece is done in relief and the frieze is a conventional design. The dado is a rich velvety maroon, and the walls are in the same tints as the groundwork of the ceiling. The chancel arch rests on two pillars painted in imitation of Siena and Tennessee marble, and directly over the arch are the words: "They Shall Call Thy Walls Salvation and Thy Gates Praise." On the right of the arch is a large tablet bearing the words: "And God Spoke All These Words Saying"—followed by the Ten Commandments. On the left is a similar tablet with the words: "By Grace are Ye Saved Through Faith," followed by the Apostles' Creed. On either side of the panels are handsomely designed pieces of scroll work, executed in gold, red and olive. The ceiling above the organ alcove is a rich blue tint. Over the front window appear the words: "Peace be Within Thy Walls and Prosperity Within Thy Palaces."

The woodwork, as well as the pews, is of ash finished in natural colors. The floor is entirely covered with an extra superlative carpet of an attractive pattern.

The entire building is heated by two large furnaces in the basement, twenty-four inch pipes set in brick carrying the heat to the auditorium and the buttresses being capped with stone.

The parsonage stands immediately north of the church. It is built in the same style of architecture, contains eleven rooms, is heated by furnace, and has all the modern improvements for convenience and comfort. It is probably not equaled by any parsonage in the Conference. The entire cost of church, parsonage, and furniture is about \$32,500, and the members of the society believe that a better church for the money does not stand in New Hampshire. Then the best of all is, every dollar is paid, so that they begin life in their new home free from debt! For this achievement all Methodists ought to unite in the doxology.

The building committee—consisting of David H. Young, chairman, Elias Dickey, Wm. M. Butterfield, Charles Hutchinson, and Clifford M. Anderson—have given a great deal of time and earnest effort to the enterprise, and deserve praise for its successful completion.

To no one is more praise due than to the untiring efforts of the pastor, Rev. A. E. Drew. He toiled early and late, amid manifold discouragements. He determined to conquer, and now he can rightfully adopt the old motto—*veni, vidi, vici*. Liberal help was received from many outside the church and society, for which both pastor and people render grateful thanks. Bro. Drew will be held in remembrance by the society as no other pastor ever has been. He deserves all the good words that can be said of him in connection with this enterprise. As an appreciation of his labors, before leaving for his new field of labor in the New England Southern Conference—pleasant Street, New Bedford—his people presented him with a purse of \$212. We are sorry to lose him from the Conference, and the people of Manchester, without regard to denomination, regret the limitations of the Methodist system by which he must go.

The corner-stone of the church was laid June 3, 1882, and the dedicatory services took place Friday, April 13, 1883, at one o'clock p. m. There was a large attendance of pastors and interested laymen from out of town. Nearly all the city pastors were present. It almost looked like the gathering of an annual Conference to see so many of the brethren.

It was especially appropriate that Rev. Elihu Scott, the first pastor of the church, should be present and take part in the services. After forty-four years have passed, he could look upon this scene and exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

The dedicatory sermon was by Rev. O. A. Brown, of Boston. His text was Luke 23: 3, and his subject the "Roy-

alty of Christ." It is probably enough to say that it was a grand sermon, packed full of thought, and was listened to very attentively by an audience completely filling the house. The declaration and prayer of dedication was offered by the presiding elder, Rev. M. T. Cilley.

In the evening there was an organ concert by Mr. F. H. Lewis, of the N. E. Conservatory, assisted by Mr. Kimball and Mrs. Beach of Manchester. These parties gave their services, and the proceeds of the concert were to go toward furnishing the parsonage. An audience of between six and seven hundred was present. The concert, which continued for over two hours, was a very fine one, showing to good effect the qualities of the organ.

The society are to be congratulated on their success, and it is hoped the blessing of God may abide on them, and many souls be led to Christ. It may be proper to insert here that preceding the dedication they had worshipped a few weeks in the vestry, during which time Mrs. Maggie Van Cott labored with them. As a result, about forty began a Christian life, and were received as probationers, about half of whom were baptized.

THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH.

For six years and more this most deservingly enterprise has been before the Christian public of Boston and of all New England. It has met with difficulties incident to the hardness of the times and other unforeseen causes, and in this way its progress has been greatly hindered. But more and more it is seen that the location is central, in fact most central, the future growth of the city being taken into the account; the congregations and Sunday-school crowded to overflowing the chapel accommodations; and the church is becoming a vigorous source of moral and religious influence. During the past year the main edifice has been erected—at least the walls and roof are complete, and the door and window frames have been put in—and all this has been paid for as fast as the contractors have completed the work.

The question now is, Shall the enterprise be finished the coming season? Less than \$25,000 will put it in complete order for dedication and use. Every Christian man and woman, every philanthropist, and especially every Methodist in Boston and vicinity must have a vital interest in seeing this great work pushed forward to immediate success. Nothing has been undertaken in Boston for years of more importance to the best moral and religious interests of the city than the People's Church. But to the Methodists of Boston it is, or ought to be, an enterprise around which their sympathies should centre. Yes, truly, the heroic sacrifices of pastor and people for these last six years ought to arouse the enthusiasm of every loyal Methodist heart. Our entire Methodism ought to stand by this people and pastor. There ought to be a union of hearts and hands and purses which shall ensure the instant termination in victory of this long-continued struggle. Will not all lovers of the cause rally to the support of those who are bearing these great burdens? All local and personal affairs may well be postponed, that this case may be placed beyond all further need. By all the love we have for Methodism, for the perishing and uncared for souls of the great city, and by all the loyalty we profess for Christ, our Redeemer, we ought without delay to give to the utmost of our ability to subscribe to make up the amount still needed to complete the People's Church.

If any reading these lines have already given, give once more; if you have not given, do so at once. The time presses, the need is immediate, the opportunity to do good is wonderfully great, and God loves a cheerful giver. Send or take your subscriptions to the editor of *Zion's Herald*, or Rev. J. W. Hamilton, pastor of People's Church, Boston.

COX MEMORIAL M. E. CHURCH.

One possibly final word as to this undertaking. Within a week from the time these lines are read, the second time set to meet the contractors will have come. Of the \$500 necessary to secure other funds and the erection of a neat church edifice in Raleigh, N. C., only \$240 are on hand. The chasm is now narrowed to only \$260. Why not, as you are reading these lines, vote to close up this matter at once by sending any amount possible? Rev. Dr. Henry Fox, contributing, says, "I wish it were more, for Christ is against caste."

The following report is made: Already reported, \$206; J. W. Adams, \$1; G. C. King, \$3; M. A. E. Tirrell, \$2; M. D. Buell, \$2; E. W. Goodier, \$2; E. Clark, \$3; L. T. Townsend, \$2; J. L. Bicknell, \$2; A. S. Dearing, \$5; Cash, \$75; H. J. Fox, \$2; F. L. Comstock, \$2; R. L. L., \$1. Total, \$234.75.

WILBUR F. STRELE,
Bennett Seminary, Greensboro, N. C.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.—*Sir H. Dary.*

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1883.

Every Christian is a servant, but he has the best of masters, whose yoke is easy, whose burden is light. His Master is also his Friend and Elder Brother, whose friendship and love have been proven by his incarnation and death. So profound is the love of his Friend and Elder Brother, that it is more than equal to the affection of a genuine brotherhood. "I will betroth thee unto Me," said this divine Friend to him in the hour of his spiritual espousal. "Yea, I will betroth thee unto Me in righteousness." In short, the Christian's tie to Christ comprehends "everything that is ardent in passion, authoritative in obligation, and binding in law." Hallowed tie! With what reverence should it be regarded, with what watchfulness protected, with what fidelity respected!

Christian parents are often pained by discovering a disposition to tell lies in some of their children. They are also perplexed because they cannot decide on the treatment most likely to cure this degrading vice. Dr. Arnold's method with his three hundred pupils at Rugby School was to let them understand that he placed implicit confidence in their assertions. "If you say so, that is quite enough; of course I believe you," was his mode of checking a boy who might venture to offer further proof of his statements. The result was, that there grew up among the boys a feeling hostile to lying, often expressed by their remarking to each other, "It is a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he always believes one." Nevertheless, if one of them was found guilty of lying, he was sure to be severely punished. Arnold's method is worthy trying in the family, which is a better training sphere than a public school. It has fewer temptations, and the law of love ought to find fuller application than in a school.

David compares the reproof of a righteous man to "an excellent oil." Yet to be so it needs to be given when the wrong-doer is not heated with passion, but in a calm frame of mind. Even then it must be administered "in meekness," not haughtily, dictatorially, or in an angry temper. "Reproof," says old Thomas Watson, "is a bitter pill and hard to swallow, therefore we must dip it in sugar—use those sweet, mollifying expressions that the offender may see love mixed with the reproof. . . . To reprove and yet love is to act both the serpent and the dove." Happy is that Christian who, having just occasion to admonish an erring brother, can so perform the undesirable duty as to keep his eyes beaming with smiles while the wisely-worded reproof is on his lips! The effectiveness of such reproof is thus finely expressed by Longfellow:—

"Sharp is the vinegar of sweet wine, and sharp
The words you speak, because the heart
Within you
Is sweet unto the core."

That preacher whose sermon is nothing more than a lesson composed and uttered in a perfunctory spirit, will never move the hearts of his hearers in the direction of righteousness. He may entertain them with the music of his voice and the beauty of his style, but he will not stir their souls to seek religious life. To make others feel the majesty of truth, the preacher himself must be a "fountain of fire" going before his people, as Dean Stanley said of Frederick D. Maurice was wont to do, with "a voice trembling with emotion . . . as though the truth came to him fresh with its original freshness, yet laden with all the meaning of ages," with his "eyes bright with faith in the eternal goodness and justice of God, with his mighty mouth fixed in defiance of all falsehood in which the heart seems to speak, as with lips of its own, the very message he was sent into the world to deliver." Such a preacher is a trumpet sent to awaken dead souls. But to preach thus, he must needs drink deeply at the fountain of revealed truth. He must be inspired by that Spirit who inspired the prophets and apostles. Like Enoch, he must "walk with God." Like John, he must rest on the bosom of his Lord. Like Paul,

he must live with Christ in his heart, the "hope of glory."

"All my springs are in Thee," said David; and Paul, in the same spirit, wrote, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Both those good men, fully aware of their own innate weakness, felt that their spiritual growth depended on the union of their souls with God. He was the sole source of their moral strength. In this they stand before the ages as representative characters. No man can attain to righteousness whose soul is not joined to Christ by a living faith. When thus united to the divine, his character enlarges, deepens and flows heavenward like a stately stream which owes its origin to an inexhaustible fountain. But he whose religious life has no higher source than himself, no deeper impulse than ritualistic forms, no stronger motive than to be esteemed religious by his fellow creatures, will surely become like a stream which, having no living fountain behind it, soon grows sluggish in its movements and ends in a bog. Christ in the soul, "the hope of glory," is indispensable to growth in godliness on earth and to happiness in the hereafter.

THE CONSTANT CONTACT WITH DOUBT.

We received, the other day, a very suggestive note from a reader of our paper, thanking us for a particularly clear and convincing paragraph quoted from the writings of John Wesley on the question of a "second probation." Until he read this he says, "I had nearly gone over to the enemy, but his opinion soon brought me back to the old standard." We do not propose in this article to refer to the question which had embarrassed the mind of our reader and many others also. He says the occasion of his lapse from the orthodox view was the fact that he had been reading for some time a certain weekly newspaper whose columns are open to, and freely used by, the advocates of more liberal interpretations of the doctrines of the New Testament, and his mind had been strongly moved in this direction.

Now, the one important truth we desire to illustrate by this familiar incident, is the serious one that we constantly and imperceptibly assimilate the thought that meets us in our daily reading, until, without our being aware of the successful steps, it ultimately changes us into its own image. We do not for a moment mean to say that a man should not make himself familiar with other and opposing views than those he has been accustomed to hold. An intelligent man ought not to fear to survey all sides of a subject. A Christian disciple need not eschew all the criticisms of doubt, nor be reluctant to know what unbelievers can say against, what is to him, divinely-revealed truth. But what we want to say, and to insist upon with all the solemn emphasis we can command, is, that no man, especially a young man without very firmly-established opinions and habits of thought, can safely give himself up to the exclusive reading, for any length of time, of destructive religious or biblical criticism. We have known a young minister of Orthodox church relations to fairly surround himself with such literature. He gloried in his independence, but he ultimately made himself a slave to unbelief. He took the most pronounced liberalistic periodical literature. He purchased or obtained from libraries every fresh book of sharp and harsh criticism upon the Bible. He was up in the latest views of the Pentateuch and the Prophets of Israel. The first chapters of Genesis were simply parables to him. He had reached such an "intellectual emancipation" that he needed no longer to defend the miracles of the New Testament in order to accept Christianity as the world's religion, and he was prepared for any new and radical "re-statement" of the traditional creed of the church. We find no fault with this immature young divine in seeking to broaden his intellectual horizon. It was right that he should know what could be said by critical scholars in opposition to received views of the sacred Scriptures and evangelical doctrines. He certainly ought to know all the exposed points of the truth as he held it, that he might not be suddenly exposed to the attacks of an opposer, and that he might be able, also, to defend his flock when necessary. But here is the difficulty. He read nothing besides. He did not seek earnestly for the response of orthodoxy. He did not study as carefully the multiplied apologies and defenses which are always called out by every serious attack upon received truth. He had become fascinated with the novelty and audacity of doubt. Everything besides seemed tame to him. He so continually yielded his mind to the acceptance of these opposing theories, and had so rarely nourished his thoughts with fresh views of formerly-accepted truths, that his mind had lost its bal-

ance, as his intellectual appetite had lost its relish for former opinions, and he became helplessly, he thought conscientiously, the captive of these antagonistic sentiments. This is the history of many promising young ministers in our days. They ultimately shipwrecked lives as to evangelical and practical usefulness are an affecting and impressive commentary upon the fatal error into which they have run.

At this hour thousands are bewildered by the frauds and follies of "Spiritualism." Their first steps were taken in this direction with something more than hesitation. They had no faith in it, and for many satisfactory reasons believed it to be an injurious delusion. But they have given themselves up to it; read the publications which flood the press; taken little pains to study the many and convincing exposures which have been written; gradually they have come to read and think of nothing beside, and then are lost to reason, to sound philosophy and pure religion.

We knew a young man in this way to fairly throw himself into the arms of a bald infidelity from a membership in one of our churches. He was challenged simply to hear an infidel discourse; his manliness was questioned when he hesitated; the weakness of his confidence in his Christian faith was intimated, his friend said, by his fear to have it examined by a free-thinker. So he went to the atheistic club again and again, took the papers that were handed to him and ceased reading his own, and his attendance upon his church. The result could readily be prophesied. The word he heard became flesh. He was changed into its image, and no language can paint his distress, when, under a flash from the Heavenly Spirit, he came to himself, and attempted to rest his appalled soul once more upon the promises of the Gospel. Such had been his long-continued habit of doubt, that he could only groan out, in the depths of his despair, "I cannot believe; I cannot believe!"

Parents may well watch carefully the literature that constantly meets the eyes of their children, both periodical and in the form of books. It must not only be harmless, but helpful. It must not simply be non-committal upon moral and religious subjects, but positive, sweet and winning. The only way to keep the noxious book and paper away, especially upon the Sabbath, is to have attractive, pure and pious literature lying where the attention of children will be won by it. Special effort should be used to place in their hands simple and clear answers to the most frequent objections meeting them in the public print and in their social life—objections to the inspiration of the Bible and the divine sanction to the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

The oldest of us may well meditate thoughtfully upon the probable effect of turning our reading and study too uninterruptedly in the direction of doubt or criticism. The bow, if continued bent too long, will never fly back. It is not always, nor usually, conscientious conviction that drives an orthodox student from his conservative balance and makes him the clamorous advocate of a broader liberty of thought rather than an earnest worker for the deliverance of man from his sin and worldliness; it is the fascination of novel ideas, of daring thoughts, of eccentric positions; the inevitable trend of a mind that yields itself without resistance to one line of thinking, and feeds itself with only one, and that unwholesome, form of mental nourishment.

EXCUSES FOR LOW STANDARDS OF LIVING.

When Abraham told his white lie, by calling his wife his sister—a half truth designed to deceive—he gave the excuse which has always been given for lying and other quasi-respectable sins: "I thought the fear of God was not in this place." Men say, to this day: "It is not just right, but society is not up to the level of pure living—the fear of God is not in this place where we dwell." They know the standard of living which God ordains, but they decide in advance of any trial that their neighbors and competitors do not fear God; and, professing to fear God themselves, they drop down to the lower level and drag others there. For it is a remarkable fact that this excuse is in nearly all mouths for some purpose or other. Abraham was mistaken, and so are we. It is a social delusion that truth is not valued; and the sworn soldiers of truth—all Christians are such—are largely responsible for the delusion. They live below their ideals, below their obligations, below even the accepted standard of duty in so-

cial intercourse, in business and in religion, on the express ground that their ideals are impracticable, their obligations inconsistent with worldly prosperity, and their religion too fine for this world. And yet, in more ways than one, they prove that in this they are speaking lies with their half-truths.

For, if we take up business life, we shall see at once that a reputation for veracity is a good capital in itself; that integrity is sought for, patronized and honored; that all high success in trade that commands respect is built upon and associated with worth of character and straightforward conduct. The manufacturer who maintains a brand of goods up to the standard that gave it a market, the trader whose samples are honest, the customer—all these are indications of the sort of men who win in trade. If the large lines lie so near to the standards set by the fear of God, it is passing strange that in less important particulars customary heathenism should be the law of the "place."

In society, people who practice the heathenism of white lies abominate the thing better than a routine of custom. Let a woman establish her reputation as a dealer in falsehood, as equivocating and deceitful, and all her suitors will desert her if they can, and beware of her as a dangerous associate. The fear of God is nowhere more conspicuously repugnant—as to the principle of truth—than in the general desire and culture of society. We do not tolerate lying, whatever veil of whiteness it may put on, except as a disagreeable necessity of having untruthful neighbors. We want as little to do as possible with lying lips. Social commerce, like that of the market, is disordered and unhappy when liars abound. And yet there are some lies always reckoned to be necessary, because the fear of God is supposed to fail men in some places, or at some times, or in some relations. And in such places, times and relations we consent to live in an atmosphere poisoned by mendacity and deceit. And it is to be feared that good people and enlightened people fall into the habit of telling white lies, in these places, about as readily as any.

The theory in this region is not easy to define; but it is, perhaps, a notion or feeling that there is an overmastering force about us which bids us speak truth at our peril. It is a public opinion that has framed a shibboleth with which it challenges us all. We assent to the shibboleth as we would to the edict of an emperor if we lived in his dominions. We do not want the makers of the shibboleth to do us harm; and we refuse God the homage of our fear because we fear our fellows. The wise man is often silent when a popular fanaticism blows a hurricane; but put him into a corner, and he may lie like Abraham for Abraham's reason. But he is as much mistaken as Abraham was; for the fanaticism has the fear of God in its heart. Tell it the truth, and it will respect you. A like dominant force gets into trade, and grows into that awful trade-wind of a false and lying custom. The good man bends to the gale in the belief that his fellows make the wind, whereas the wind is as much his as theirs. It is always a minority that approves and rejoices in such an iniquity of custom. A few rogues, who cannot live in an honest world, are growing fat, while their betters bend and crouch under the evil custom.

In religion, the notion that a low standard of living is imposed by earthly duties, is contrary to experience. The best men have so often succeeded best, that it may be safely assumed that genuine, pure, uncompromising and holy living is entirely consistent with success, and even a means to success. Here it is to be feared, however, that it is a majority which votes—"the fear of God is not in this place." But it is still a delusion, which menaces and kills. A sober, righteous, godly life is honored in all places by the better portion of mankind.

—A. D. F. Randolph & Co., the New York publishers, announce the forthcoming of a new edition of "The Reformation in Sweden," by R. C. E. Libby, presiding elder of Backus district, East Maine Conference, has been making a short visit in this vicinity, and finds many Maine friends who have emigrated to the New England Conference, and a hearty welcome.

—Mrs. Croly ("Jennie June") talks to the girls of Lasell Seminary, Abundant, Mass., on "Dress," at the coming Commencement. Dr. Buckley preaches the Baccalaureate sermon, and Dr. Duryea gives the Commencement address.

—Dr. S. Allen announces the death, in East Reading, the 7th inst., at his home, of Rev. Josiah Fletcher, a superannuated member of Northern New York Conference, formerly a member of Maine Conference. A more extended notice will appear hereafter.

—The *Proseman* is a newly-published monthly, edited by Henry S. Clubb, which is certainly a remarkable name for a conspicuous advocate of radical peace measures. The periodical, however, is well-edited and filled with excellent literature upon its chosen theme. It is published by the Universal Peace Union, Philadelphia.

—The Bureau of Education at Washington issues, as one of its series of educational papers, a history of its own establishment and the work which it has thus far accomplished. It clearly shows how well it has met the object of its institution, how broad and important its field for cultivation, and what good service it is now rendering to the national education of the country.

—The *Literary News*, edited and published by F. Leopold, New York, is an admirable aid to the book-buyer and reader. It gives the best current reviews of publications issued from the press, as found in the book tables of the leading journals, with short announcements and comments upon the weekly issues of volumes from the press, and literary items and incidents. It is published monthly at a dollar a year.

—Dr. J. C. W. Cox gives a powerful editorial article in the *Brooklyn (Iowa) Chronicle* upon "The New Issue in Iowa." As the Supreme Court has decided against the will of the people on the question of the constitutional prohibition amendment, Dr. Cox summons the people to express, by their vote, their opinion of the action of the court. Temperance men in Iowa are far from being disheartened. The radical temperance work will be done over again, and thoroughly this time.

—An anonymous writer, who is evidently terribly in earnest, and ought to have put his name to his opinions, sends us a stout pamphlet with the title, "The Paid Church System Self-condemned, also by the Scriptures." It is published in St. Louis, Mo. It contains many true and forcible criticisms upon the important topic discussed, but the essay is not discriminating. It is too bitter and unqualified in denunciation, over-doing the matter and destroying in a measure its own force.

—We did not refer to the lamented death of the excellent and greatly esteemed wife of Dr. B. F. Tefft, of Poland, Me., at the time, as we have expected from some correspondent the full particulars, with a sketch of her life. Her funeral occurred during the late session of the Maine Conference. We proffer our tenderest sympathies to our deeply-afflicted friend in this hour of his great bereavement. We have just received a touching memorial from Dr. Tefft, which will appear in the next paper.

—We have received from W. W. Griffin, president, a card of invitation to the 33rd anniversary of the settlement of Santa Fe, New Mexico, by Europeans. The exercises open July 2. Thanks for the polite invitation! If it were not so far, we should be delighted to run over on the interesting occasion. The festival embodies a great mingling of the past and the present, and will doubtless attract a large company.

—Rev. Henry Morgan keeps certain circles in Boston from becoming too incessant stirring of them up. Not satisfied with turning Boston "Inside Out," he insists, in a "Key and Appendix," upon calling openly, in quite a disagreeable way to the persons—if he knows what he is talking about, as he seems to—their well-known names. It is very certain that the Roman Catholic church in this city will offer no prayers for the repose of his soul when Mr. Morgan finally comes at once to live and to disturb its peace.

—Rev. D. W. Waldron, of the Congregational City Mission, announces every season what he styles the "Fresh Air Fund." From subscribers for the purpose, he supplies harbor excursion tickets and rides into the adjoining open country near the city on horse-cars for invalids—children and adults. A little money in this way does a great deal of good and bestows an untold amount of pleasure.

—Rev. D. W. Waldron, at his room, 19 Congregational Hall, will thankfully receive aid for this purpose.

—Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, announce the early publication in this country of the third volume of their authorized edition of the admirable "History of the Civil War in America," by the Comte de Paris. This volume embraces the most anxious period in the great struggle, describing the operations of the Army of the Potomac in the East and of the Cumberland and Tennessee in the West, during 1863.

—The Minutes of the eighty-fourth session of the New England Conference has been published, and is for sale by James P. May. It has become a volume of over a hundred pages. It contains an unusual number of memoirs of departed ministers and the wives of pastors, presents the Conference reports with great fullness, the journal of daily proceedings, the usual statistics and appointments, and certain very valuable tables and collections of interesting data and personal incidents. It is a particularly convenient hand-book, which every Methodist finds in the Conference should have for reference.

—The *Hebrew Student* issues an extra number, devoted specially to the interests of the very young students of Hebrew School, conducted by its editor, Rev. Wm. R. Harper, Ph. D. By sending to the editor, copies of this interesting number, setting forth the nature of this school, its modes of instruction, the terms of study, and the incident expense, can be obtained. Address Hebrew Book Exchange, Morgan Park, Chicago, Ills.

—The large and well-organized Hanson Place M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends out, as a quarterly publication, a very handsome quarto pamphlet with fine illustrations of its church edifice and portraits of two of its chief founders—ex-Mayor Boorh and John Francis, esq.—and also of the late Bishop James. This issue gives a full report of the very interesting services during the late celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the church. It is a valuable and interesting document for preservation. We heartily wish

—We have received a catalogue of Clafin University, Orangeburg, S. C., for 1882-3. This is one of the oldest and the strongest of our Southern academic institutions, and is doing admirable work. It has in its agricultural department one of the best cultivated farms in the State, and in its scientific and classical schools has reached a high standard. In all its departments last year it gathered over four hundred students. We are glad to know that Dr. Cooke's health has improved a little in the last weeks. He has accomplished a great work in connection with Clafin, and the church may well pray that his health and life be preserved.

—The passenger department of the Detroit, Lansing & Northern Railroad, of Michigan, has published for gratuitous distribution a pamphlet of eighty-eight pages, containing a large amount of information valuable to the tourist and business man. The document for preservation. We heartily wish

this vigorous and working church, with its present devoted pastor, Dr. J. O. Peck, the latest success in years to come.

—Rev. Allen S. Rice, a respected minister of the A. M. E. Church, is visiting this vicinity in the interest of an important educational institution of that church, situated at Waco, Texas. It bears the title of the Paul Quinn College. Mr. Rice is meeting with good success in raising funds. No more cheering omen for the future of the colored man at the South is there than the establishment of these Christian schools.

—We are indebted to our valued correspondent, G. J. Stevenson, A. M., for a copy of the schedule of the annual May meetings held in London. It contains a list of over two hundred such anniversaries, with descriptive notices. Of London it may be said, that where sin abounds grace does much more abound. The manual is illustrated by a portrait of the strong and benignant face of the new Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Benson.

—Rev. E. O. Thayer, president of Clark University, announces the laying of the cornerstone of Gammon Theological Institute—a new department of the university so generously endowed by the noble Christian philanthropist whose name it bears—May 12. The photograph of the edifice from the architect's drawings, which we have handed to the Historical Society, gives promise of one of the finest scholastic buildings at the South.

—The *Michigan Christian Advocate*, which is published in Detroit, Mich., by an association of Methodist gentlemen, and which, from the first, has been very ably edited, with a fine field for denominational patronage, and has been vigorously worked in its publishing department, "sunk about \$6,000 for its stockholders in the first three years of its publication." It is as easy as possible to start a newspaper. To pay its ever-recurring bills, is a very different and difficult business.

—Walden & Stowe, of Cincinnati, the Methodist Book Agents, enter the field of social religious music books. They publish "Songs of Redeeming Love," edited by Jno. R. Sweeney, C. C. McCabe, T. C. O'Kane and Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. It would hardly be possible to find four more popular singers of religious melodies. They have often touched with their music the popular heart, and doubtless have been equally successful in this new text-book. We commend it to our prayer-meeting leaders for their favorable examination.

—The *Library Journal*, which is without a peer in its field, at home or abroad, and which is the organ of the American Library Association, has added another and very valuable feature to its table of contents. It publishes now, as a supplement, a monthly index to current periodicals. This is of invaluable service to those desiring to avail themselves of articles appearing in the leading monthlies and quarterlies. This will also afford the needed supplement to the great work of Dr. Poole just published—his index of periodicals. The *Library Journal* is published in New York by F. Leopold, 31 & 32 Park Row. \$4 a year.

—The Boston Young Men's Christian Union is arranging for its accustomed "Country Week" for the present season. It sends poor children into the country, into pleasant homes, for a week or two, to enjoy the luxury of pure air, cleanliness, good food, and rambles in the fields and forests. In 1882 they sent 1,795, and since the inauguration of the work, 8,454 little people have been made happy and received great invigoration by this truly Christian charity. Any persons desiring to aid in this work can direct their gifts to Miss Ellen H. Bailey, secretary of the movement, 18 Boylston Street, or to W. H. Baldwin, president of the Union.

—The *Unitarian Review* opens with a paper upon "The Art of Raphael," by Rev. J. W. Chadwick. Rev. Edgar Buckingham writes upon "Truth: What We Ought to Believe;" Rev. J. P. Dutton upon "The Spirit of Plato;" and W. C. Collar on "Socrates." A discourse of the late Dr. George Putnam upon "Doubt" is given. The editorial correspondence and miscellany fill over twenty-five pages. Mr. Moody's campaign has circulated an immense amount of literature during the year, which can but have made an impression upon the social life of the land, as well upon the mind and conscience of the coming generation. The printed pages during the year have amounted to 36,436,175. The expenditures have reached \$61,649.70—a little over a thousand dollars above the receipts. The venerable Mark Hopkins, D. D., has been chosen president of the society, J. N. Starnes, secretary, and W. D. Porter, treasurer.

—The *New York Observer* quotes a somewhat remarkable (as is shown, read by J. N. Starnes, corresponding secretary, records the history of the reform in various States during the past year, and finds much encouragement in spite of the extraordinary efforts of the liquor interest to hinder its progress. Mr. Starnes notices sadly, as well he may, the death of Hon. W. E. Dodge, the noble and unfailing friend of the cause. The society has circulated an immense amount of literature during the year, which can but have made an impression upon the social life of the land, as well upon the mind and conscience of the coming generation. The printed pages during the year have amounted to 36,436,175. The expenditures have reached \$61,649.70—a little over a thousand dollars above the receipts. The venerable Mark Hopkins, D. D., has been chosen president of the society, J. N. Starnes, secretary, and W. D. Porter, treasurer.

—The *Christian Advocate* prints in full the very able protest of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States against the Roman Catholics' raid upon the House of Representatives, and their public, unseemly, and unchristianlike conduct in the introduction of the bill, in strong and many sentences, affirming that, contrary to the hasty and ill-considered judgment of narrow observers, orthodox opinions and religious notions are rapidly gaining, and not losing, their hold upon the most intelligent men in the community. The society has circulated an immense amount of literature during the year, which can but have made an impression upon the social life of the land, as well upon the mind and conscience of the coming generation. The printed pages during the year have amounted to 36,436,175. The expenditures have reached \$61,649.70—a little over a thousand dollars above the receipts. The venerable Mark Hopkins, D. D., has been chosen president of the society, J. N. Starnes, secretary, and W. D. Porter, treasurer.

—By latest advices from Bulgaria (April 21), we learn that our school building at Lottcha had been assaulted and damaged. Five of the ruffians had been arrested and imprisoned. The acting minister of public instruction refused definitely to suspend our schools. Mr. Chalish was about to start for Constantinople at summons from Gen. Wallace, and the affair with our mission was likely to be the subject of formal appeal to the powers interested in the Berlin treaty. Political excitement is on the increase. Intelligent Bulgarians of all classes see the action of the government in relation to our mission as connected with an entire question of religious and political liberty, and they are discussing the matter with great freedom and interest.

—Dr. Vincent, in his incessant activity in the cultivation of his broad and important field, is constantly sending out from the denominational press new material for the mental and moral culture of our young people. The best way to defend them from unwholesome literature is to put in their hands attractive and pure reading. He sends out, now, every week, a newly-published, covered our mission was likely to be the subject of formal appeal to the powers interested in the Berlin treaty. Political excitement is on the increase. Intelligent Bulgarians of all classes see the action of the government in relation to our mission as connected with an entire question of religious and political liberty, and they are discussing the matter with great freedom and interest.

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ble pleasure resorts of Michigan, all of which are to be reached by means of this line of railroad and its connections. The pamphlet is fully illustrated. It may be had on application to Wm. A. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, at Detroit, Mich.

—The venerable Rev. Joseph Marsh has been visiting this vicinity, preaching in the churches where he labored more than a half century since. He is now in his eighty-eighth year. His eyes fail him, but his vigor of mind is still wonderful. He preached last Sabbath in the M. E. Church, East Cambridge, where he preached thirty years ago.

—Rev. George Perceat made an interesting and instructive address before the Evangelical Alliance, in Wesleyan Hall, on Monday morning, upon the "Art of Saving Souls." His manner of treating his important theme was well appreciated by a crowded audience.

—Rev. J. M. Williams, pastor of Ping Street Church, Portland, Me., has been visiting his friend, Rev. W. Johnston, of the Dorchester M. E. Church, for a few days. He preached for Bro. Johnston last Sabbath, greatly to the satisfaction of the audience. Bro. Williams, who has been an accomplished educator, has lately received a call to the presidency of a Western college, but prefers to continue his chosen pastoral work, much to the gratification of his people.

—The *Century*, from November, 1882, to April, 1883, makes a royal octavo volume of nearly a thousand pages. It is issued in very tasteful binding, with gilt top, and forms a permanent volume for the library that never loses its interest. With every variety of literature, grave and gay, substantial and light, prose and poetic, fiction and solid history, in all philosophy, it is a book to be taken up in all moods, and is sure to administer both to pleasure and profit. The illustrations in these last six months have been particularly fine, and seem all the more striking as gathered into one volume. It is a matter of grateful consideration that a periodical of such wide circulation is so wholesome and pure. Published by the Century Co., New York city.

—Education for May and June has for its frontispiece a fine portrait of Bernard Malgon, late a superintendent of schools in England. This number has papers from Mrs. John H. Baird on "A True Order of Studies in Primary Instruction," "A Study," by Alice Carter, of Macheb and Lady Macbeth, is given. Wm. T. Harris, L. D., has an important contribution on the question, "Does the Common School Educate Children Above the Station they are Expected to Occupy in Life?" Mrs. Goodale writes upon "Mothers in Education." L. H. Marvel treats upon the question, "How does College Life Affect the Health of Women?" The answer is eminently favorable to the higher education of the sex. W. W. Folwell, L. D., writes upon "Secularization of Education." The editorial miscellany is full and interesting.

—The National Temperance and Publication Society held its eighteenth anniversary in New York, May 10, Hon. James Black, presiding. The annual report, read by J. N. Starnes, corresponding secretary, records the history of the reform in various States during the past year, and finds much encouragement in spite of the extraordinary efforts of the liquor interest to hinder its progress. Mr. Starnes notices sadly, as well he may, the death of Hon. W. E. Dodge, the noble and unfailing friend of the cause. The society has circulated an immense amount of literature during the year, which can but have made an impression upon the social life of the land, as well upon the mind and conscience of the coming generation. The printed pages during the year have amounted to 36,436,175. The expenditures have reached \$61,649.70—a little over a thousand dollars above the receipts. The venerable Mark Hopkins, D. D., has been chosen president of the society, J. N. Starnes, secretary, and W. D. Porter, treasurer.

—The *New York Observer* quotes a somewhat remarkable (as is shown, read by J. N. Starnes, corresponding secretary, records the history of the reform in various States during the past year, and finds much encouragement in spite of the extraordinary efforts of the liquor interest to hinder its progress. Mr. Starnes notices sadly, as well he may, the death of Hon. W. E. Dodge, the noble and unfailing friend of the cause. The society has circulated an immense amount of literature during the year, which can but have made an impression upon the social life of the land, as well upon the mind and conscience of the coming generation. The printed pages during the year have amounted to 36,436,175. The expenditures have reached \$61,649.70—a little over a thousand dollars above the receipts. The venerable Mark Hopkins, D. D., has been chosen president of the society, J. N. Starnes, secretary, and W. D. Porter, treasurer.

—The *Christian Advocate* prints in full the very able protest of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States against the Roman Catholics' raid upon the House of Representatives, and their public, unseemly, and unchristianlike conduct in the introduction of the bill, in strong and many sentences, affirming that, contrary to the hasty and ill-considered judgment of narrow observers, orthodox opinions and religious notions are rapidly gaining, and not losing, their hold upon the most intelligent men in the community. The society has circulated an immense amount of literature during the year, which can but have made an impression upon the social life of the land, as well upon the mind and conscience of the coming generation. The printed pages during the year have amounted to 36,436,175. The expenditures have reached \$61,649.70—a little over a thousand dollars above the receipts. The venerable Mark Hopkins, D. D., has been chosen president of the society, J. N. Starnes, secretary, and W. D. Porter, treasurer.

—By latest advices from Bulgaria (April 21), we learn that our school building at Lottcha had been assaulted and damaged. Five of the ruffians had been arrested and imprisoned. The acting minister of public instruction refused definitely to suspend our schools. Mr. Chalish was about to start for Constantinople at summons from Gen. Wallace, and the affair with our mission was likely to be the subject of formal appeal to the powers interested in the Berlin treaty. Political excitement is on the increase. Intelligent Bulgarians of all classes see the action of the government in relation to our mission as connected with an entire question of religious and political liberty, and they are discussing the matter with great freedom and interest.

—Dr. Vincent, in his incessant activity in the cultivation of his broad and important field, is constantly sending out from the denominational press new material for the mental and moral culture of our young people. The best way to defend them from unwholesome literature is to put in their hands attractive and pure reading. He sends out, now, every week, a newly-published, covered our mission was likely to be the subject of formal appeal to the powers interested in the Berlin treaty. Political excitement is on the increase. Intelligent Bulgarians of all classes see the action of the government in relation to our mission as connected with an entire question of religious and political liberty, and they are discussing the matter with great freedom and interest.

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The Family.

FROM CHANGE TO THE UNCHANGING.

"For we have not here an abiding city."—Heb. xiii. 14 (New Version).

"In my Father's house are many abiding places."—JOHN 14: 2 (Martin).

Flow more the feet amid life's lengthening shadows.

And do not care to roam, Except across the old familiar meadows That lie about the home.

Soft is the music of the little river, And on its pleasant banks The grasses grow as strong and green as ever, As if to give God thanks.

It is the evening and the children's laughter Rings out in the still air; I hear some half-forgotten songs; and after, Bells chime for evening prayer.

Within the house, half hidden by the bushes, My people wait for me!

How sweetly sing the blackbirds and the thrushes Here where I joy to be.

Do the old hollies gleam with last year's berries? Are early fruit trees green? And are there signs of blossoms on the cherries? And is the primrose seen?

And is the old sweet-brier in leaf, I wonder, Above the little gate? And are my people anxious as they ponder On what has made me late?

A moment more and I shall see their faces Grow bright with love and fun, And eyes will look at me in dear home-places To ask what I have done.

Alas for dreams! I may not tell the story; My eyes with tears grow blind; I can but see the sunset in the glory, My home I cannot find.

Though I should search, I cannot see the faces Of friends of long ago; For looking out on me from these strange places Are eyes I do not know.

And birds and bells and breezes all are child-ing The folly of my thought. One end refrain, "Here there is none abiding," Comes to my heart unsought.

And only that there is another city Of everlasting rest, I well might mourn my lot in deep self-pity, To be so little blest.

But safe within another home's warm keep-ing Are all my friends of old; They are where changes come not; and no weeping Is heard within that fold.

For heaven is full of strong abiding places; O God, that I may see, When morning breaks, the dear familiar faces That are at home with Thee!

Marianne Farnington.

MEXICO.

BY MRS. JOHN W. BUTLER.

The observance of Holy Week occupies public attention throughout this Republic. Besides the residents, it was estimated that ten thousand visitors were in this city.

Holy Thursday, the Mexican ladies appeared in the churches and in the street attire in handsome toilets of bright colors, and on Good Friday they wore black of rich material, as it is the custom here to wear for the first time two new dresses during this week.

Even the men put on an entirely new suit of clothes; and while the ladies promenaded before and after mass, the gentlemen stood in the streets for hours looking at them.

Innumerable crowds of both sexes and of all classes were seen intermingling on the same level in the neighborhood of the churches, and thousands thronged about the cathedral and plaza. The streets in front and at the sides of the churches were almost impervious to the dense mass of people buying and selling their favorite drinks and trifles of every description.

The air was filled with the sounds from the rattles carried in the hands of the juveniles. Many of the stalls in the streets were devoted to their sale alone, while others dealt in nothing but images of Judas Iscariot, varying in size and monotony from a doll of a few inches to that of the human figure, hideously besmeared with red and blue paint.

In the principal churches, the high altars were literally covered with statuary, tawdry ornaments, fruits and sprigs of wheat, while huge burning candles illuminated the scene.

Holy Thursday began with high mass. The Archbishop of Mexico consecrated the holy oils and administered the communion to the clergy. In the afternoon the ceremony of "washing the feet" took place. Twelve poor persons, as representatives of the apostles, were seated on the platform, and their feet were washed by a priest before an immense audience in the cathedral. One of our native preachers, now a member of the Cincinnati Conference, tells us that his feet have been washed in one of these ceremonies.

After this ceremony we saw crowds of people collected in a corner of this spacious building, and we directed our steps thither. There was a large framework of massive gilt pillars, in which rested a huge stone basin. The people placed their ears to the opening and listened attentively. We learned that it was in honor of Don Felipe de Jesus (one of the saints), who, they said, was baptized from this fountain, and the water was supposed to be heard gurgling. It was said to see the intense expectation depicted on their faces and to see them turn away in undisguised disappointment as nothing could be heard.

We visited a number of churches, and in one saw the images of the two thieves upon the cross; in another, the figure of the Saviour upon the cross, lying on a table. In other places the images of the Saviour represented Him in the most terrible aspects of suffering, so that one glance made us recoil with sickening disgust. We are informed that in the courtyard of one of the churches a panoramic view of the Saviour's sufferings was exhibited for three hours, by living representatives, and so real and intense was the scene that the feelings of the spectators were worked up to the highest pitch of excitement.

In another church the priest preached

a solemn sermon, and at the close pointed to a frightful image of Christ, and said, "Look! He bids you all farewell!" At this, the head began to bow to the audience, as a string was pulled from behind the image by an attendant. Children cried with fear, and the people with one accord lifted up their voices in wailing as they beat heavy blows against their hearts with the right hand. The scene was one of dire confusion and terror.

In one of the country districts the image was taken to an elevation, raised upon the cross, and crucified, and after a few moments was pronounced dead and carried away.

Friday was looked upon as a more solemn day. Men and women went from church to church, expecting to be saved according to the number of churches visited and prayers offered. Pictures representing different scenes in the life of Christ were hung on both sides of the walls, and the people went in families. Fine ladies and gentlemen knelt before a picture, kissed the floor and crossed themselves. Then the head of the family read earnestly, but rapidly, the prayer from his book, and the family joined with him at times. They would rise at the close of the prayer, pass to the next picture, and go through the same performance, till every picture had received a prayer. One Indian who came in with his two boys, took the hand of the younger, who was only about five years of age, and as he knelt before an image, taught him to cross himself and to repeat the prayer after him. The child seemed bewildered and yet interested as he mechanically obeyed his father.

Friday evening the altars of the churches were completely veiled by dark-colored drapery, in front of which stood the image of the Virgin in rich velvet.

At an early hour on Saturday preparations were made to terminate the season of humiliation. There is a peculiar and playful custom on this day for friends, as they meet, to pull the ears of each other as a salutation instead of the ordinary mode of embracing and shaking hands. At ten o'clock the Judases were exploded by thousands with great demonstration and hilarity, and the multitude hailed the conclusion of Holy Week.

All this may seem foolish to the reader, but to see all this nonsense and witness the superstitious idolatry connected with it, makes it a sorrowful reality. Sacred things were mingled with the worldly, the joyous with the mournful, and religion was made a cloak for a week of pleasure and money-making. "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." Tens of thousands were but pleasure-seekers, and yet this week is looked upon as the most sacred of the year.

Is there nothing to do here, in this city alone, without even counting the many others comprised in this Republic? Think of this teeming multitude, with an outward form of worship, but "having no hope and without God in the world!" Think of the few who have turned from darkness to light amid persecution and loss of friends. Think of the missionary in the midst of this great number (imbedded as they are from infancy in superstition and idolatrous worship), trying in a humble, quiet way to teach and live the simple gospel of Jesus Christ, without form, tawdry show, or undue excitement.

But though all human effort seems so meagre, the difficulties so great, and the barriers seemingly so insurmountable, though we be perplexed, we are not in despair, for the eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. Dear workers in the Master's vineyard, "think on these things"; pray as never before for the prosperity of Zion, so that "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose." And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."

Mexico, April, 1883.

SONGS UNSUNG.

BY REV. H. B. WARDWELL.

There are songs in the heart that are never sung, To the finest chords of the spirit strung; Like the undertones of ocean stirred, Whose low, deep symphonies sweep unheard.

There are songs of gladness when earth is bright, With the beauty of flowers and glow of light, With the joy of friendships, the music of birds, There are songs of gladness too deep for words.

There are songs of sorrow through all the years, Whose only language is silence or tears; Where wrong has triumphed or hope is riven, Like the dove o'er a shoreless ocean driven.

There are songs of rapture that thrill the soul, When thoughts of God and of heaven control; They wake in the spirit like visions bright, Songs that are voiceless, but swift as the light.

There are songs of triumph, unheard, untold, As the silent splendor of day unfolded, When it conquers the night; as the light breath Of calm, as the smile on the pale lips of death.

There are songs of peace, an unspoken rest, That come to the spirit to make it blest; From the heights of glory by seraphs trod, On the wings of prayer from the hills of God.

An exchange says: "The spring news from Labrador has arrived by overland dog-team mail to Quebec. The missionary, a new man from England, thinks the mission house is a cold residence; no wonder, for the winter has been the most severe ever known, the mercury descending to forty-two degrees below zero."

A SONG FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.

BY REV. H. STUART BENT.

Rejoice, rejoice, lift heart and voice, Ring in the Children's Day! Bring of your fairest flowers the choice, Bring crowns and garlands gay.

CHORUS.

Praise ye the children's Saviour-king, Let every heart with anthems ring, To God's own house haste, haste away, To celebrate the Children's Day.

Arise, arise, the ruby skies Gleam on our opening sight, Up, as the warbling skylark flies, Our souls to Thee take flight.

CHORUS.

Meek and majestic in Thy mien, Mighty to save from sin, Children adore Thee with delight, Thou dost their homage win.

CHORUS.

Blissful and bright, with spirits light, Hosannas loud and high, To Thee, with all our spirit's might, O Son of God, we cry!

CHORUS.

Blissful and bright in holy light, This day to children given, We praise Thee for this beautiful sight, Earth blending into heaven.

CHORUS.

"LEARN OF ME."

Lessons Learned in the School of Christ.

BY MRS. M. D. WELLCOME.

I had only been a scholar a few days when the Great Teacher gave me another lesson, one that very many suppose is given only to advanced disciples and not to neophytes. It was this: That while forgiven all my sins, and they had been removed from me, as far as the east is from the west—"I was" "blotted out," never more to be remembered against me—and by the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit, new dispositions, desires and affections had been given me, yet there was still an inherent depravity, which, though not involving condemnation, would weaken, hinder, and easily betray into actual sin. At that time very little was said about the doctrine of holiness, which has since come prominently to the front, though one of the main pillars of our church, which was, as Wesley taught, raised up for the special purpose of spreading "scriptural holiness" in the world. "They saw," as saith our Discipline, "that men are justified before they are sanctified," and that "God then thrust them out to raise a holy people." This essential truth lies at the very foundation of the origin of the Methodist Church; it was from the first a distinguishing specialty, as every one familiar with the history of this denomination and its founders must acknowledge. The duty of converts to seek earnestly for entire sanctification, that they might be perfected in love, was strongly enforced by the Wesleys and the pioneer ministers and class-leaders.

But there had come a great falling away from this doctrine, when those who preached it and professed it were the rare exceptions. About the time of which I write there was the beginning of a revival in this direction. The *Guide to Christian Perfection*—the first periodical of the kind published to my knowledge—had just entered on its mission, and was stirring many hearts with interest and conviction. I do not remember one member of the church with which my parents were connected, or one minister who had preached in its pulpit, who professed the enjoyment of this blessing up to the time of my conversion; but the following year Rev. D. B. Randall, who was stationed at H. A. adjoining town, and whose soul was all aflame with "perfect love," now and then exchanged with our pastor, and the effects and influence of his sermons on my heart are not forgotten to this day. I know that they were the "meat" for which my soul hungered, though I was only a " babe in Christ."

Such being the state of things at the time of my conversion, there was little helpful influence; there was no one to speak to me on the subject of holy purity. Is it then strange that I failed to understand fully the lesson the Divine Paraclete was imparting? I know that a few days after my conversion I wrote a note to a dear young friend, who with me had entered the school of Christ, asking her to unite with me in seeking for the blessing of purity.

Six months later I united with the church. I loved the service of God's house; the class-meeting was a privileged place and secret prayers a delight; but though walking in the light, having peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, there was at times an intense longing for the blessing I knew not how to obtain. I had resolved at the beginning of my Christian life to pass on to the attainment of all there was for me in this world; I did not mean to be always a babe, always a child; I would not be a dwarf, but, by the grace of God, I would grow in grace—grow up into Christ, aspire for the perfect stature. Alas! that I have come so far short of my spiritual ambition!

One year passed, and another protracted meeting was in progress. With a clearer perception of my needs, I began to seek with my whole heart for that specific blessing which alone could qualify me for usefulness. I hardly gave a thought to my own individual happiness, but to work efficiently for Christ was the prevailing motive. I was so weak, so timid in service, shrank so sensitively from the publicity of witnessing for my Lord, that it was truly a cross so to do. It was so hard for me to converse with others in regard to their spiritual interests, and I must have that blessing which I had heard would give strength, and courage, and a love even for those duties now so burdensome.

My first prayer was for the searchings

of the Spirit. I pleaded for His illumination, that in His light I might see all the depravity of my nature. I was not now a condemned sinner, seeking for pardon as a year before; I was a sinner saved by grace, enjoying the witness of justification; it was cleansing from depravity I now wanted, and as a preparatory work, I sought for a clear perception of its nature. Little did I expect such an overwhelming sense of inward impurity as came in answer to prayer. "Can it be that I have ever been converted?" was the doubting cry of my soul when the revelation was made. Painful as was the view, it was not the same in character as my former convictions of sin. This was inherent depravity, the result of man's fallen condition, for which I was not responsible, neither for it was I condemned. The thought that this view of inward latent corruption was granted to me at my request, and that I might the more deeply feel my need of the cleansing blood, enabled me to hold fast my confidence and seek with intense earnestness for the purification promised. I consecrated and reconsecrated; not that I had anything new to surrender, but I had read experiences, and they always referred to the consecration made as a preliminary to the act of appropriating faith; this laying of all on the altar gave one the right to believe for the blessing. I found no relief from those repeated consecrations and efforts to believe; indeed, I seemed much further removed from the desired object by the strenuous endeavors. After several days of unavailing efforts to reach up by faith to the throne and bring Christ down from above as my Sanctifier, I began to feel disheartened, and was sorely tempted to think God unjust in withholding from me the blessing when I had done all I could by way of consecration and faith. I decided to pray only once more, and then if no response came, I would give up the struggle and seek no more.

The result I will give in my next article.

TIMOTHY GRAFT'S FORTUNE.

BY LUCIA M. P. KIMBALL.

CHAPTER I.

The chill winter twilight had settled over Chicago, though it was not yet five o'clock. Women drew their warm furs closer about them and hurried homeward.

Two children stood peering into a gray window on State Street. Their teeth chattered, and the sharp wind seemed to make merry with their ragged garments. The street was thronged, and they were often jostled out of their places, but no one stopped to answer the hungry, pleading look in their blue, pinched faces.

"I say, Phil, let's go home, I'm freezing. Maybe father'll be sober to-night and bring us some supper. Ain't you warmer just thinkin' 'bout it?"

Nan looked shyly at Phil to see the effect of her words. She had often tried to cheer him in the dark days when they were cold and hungry, but of late things had been so bad they had just wandered around the streets without talking much, and Nan had lost all her brightness and courage.

"If he is sober, it'll be a new thing. He's been drinking steady now, nigh on to three weeks."

Phil said this with the slow certainty of despair, and then they patterned along the icy sidewalk in silence. Nan broke it at last:—

"Mustn't it be jolly to be warm 'n' have 'nough to eat and a nice home to go to?"

"I should say so, a night like this. I've almost forgot how 'twould seem. Plenty of folks have all that, though. We ain't in luck—that's what's the matter."

Phil spoke gruffly, and Nan did not venture any further remarks. She was getting a little afraid of Phil in his fierce moods. "What if he should take to drinkin' like his father? But he hadn't the money to buy liquor." Then she remembered the larger boys in their street who were very bad and talked about gambling and other ways to get money. "Mightn't Phil get to be like them if things kept on this way?"

Poor Nan had already entered into her woman's inheritance of fear in the dread possibility of what the drink might do. The children had come to a cross street where the houses were large and handsome. There was one that seemed grander than any of the others. The light shone out brilliantly from the great windows that were guarded by delicate filigree lace. The ruddy warmth from an open fire-place added to the look of comfort and good cheer.

"I'm goin' to have a warm place some day, and dress you like that little girl in the red silk and white boots," Phil said, as they clung to the railing and looked in.

"That'll be a long day from now, I reckon," Nan said, a little scornfully. "I could have it if I had money; I Phil seemed to speak more to himself than Nan. Suddenly he ran up the steps and read the name on the door.

"Yes," he said excitedly as he came down, "It's the very man! Do you know, Nan, he owns lots of the saloons down our way? Father told me so one day when he was sober 'n' had a job of work up here," he said, "Phil, don't never get to drinkin', 'n' fool away yer money to build great houses like this for saloon-keepers."

"Did he say that?" Nan asked eagerly. "Then what makes him go on spendin' all he can get for drink when we need it so much?"

Ah, Nan, you have raised a question older heads have tried in vain to answer. Why, indeed!

"Spec' he can't help it, he likes it so much," Phil said gloomily.

"O Phil, promise me you never, never will touch a drop of the awful stuff! Do promise right now!"

"Don't be scared 'bout that, Nan. I

hate it! But I could make money sellin' it, you know. Lots of folks do."

"But you wouldn't, you couldn't, knowin' what it's done for father 'n' us."

"People don't make no difference 'bout a man if he does sell liquor 'n' own saloons. They oughter if it's so bad," Phil said defensively.

They had walked very fast while they were talking, and Phil stopped all at once.

"Here's one of the places where father gets his drinks. I 'spose that man owns this."

A happy thought struck Nan. "Couldn't we go in 'n' ask the man who keeps it not to sell father any more?"

"'Twouldn't do no good. Mother's been here lots of times."

"But I'm goin' anyway," and Nan pushed toward the door with the light of a great resolve in her face. The saloon-keeper was not a bad-looking man. Evidently he did not patronize his own wares.

"What do you want, little folks?" he asked blandly.

"Oh, sir, if you only wouldn't sell father any more drink, if you"—Nan began hurriedly and then broke down quite. Phil took up her unfinished appeal bravely:—

"We've come, sir, to ask you not to sell father any more drink; his money all goes that way, 'n' mother 'n' Nan"—

The saloon-keeper interrupted him: "So that's what you're after, is it? Want me to go out of business to accommodate your father? He needn't come here if he don't want to."

"But he don't want to drink. I'm sure he don't," Nan pleaded.

"He'll get it somewhere else if he don't here, so what's the difference? I have as much right to sell as anybody."

"But you haven't a right to make my father drink," Phil said angrily.

"See here, my boy, don't be saucy. I have a right to sell liquor because the city gives me the right in a license, for which I pay. The city gets rich out of this business. You must go to the authorities. You might see the mayor."

The saloon-keeper was growing nervous, as several men had gathered about the children, and he took this turn as the easiest way of getting rid of them. And he added: "It would be better if this stuff wasn't sold anywhere. I never drink myself; but as long as it is, and I pay for my right to sell, you'll have to go somewhere else to make a complaint."

"Please tell us where," Nan said quickly. "We'll go right off."

"Oh, to the city authorities, I 'spose," the man said evasively; "but they are most all in the business one way or another; they won't do anything."

Even his heart was touched at the pitiful earnestness of this little waif, ready to start on any errand if it might save her father. He felt a twinge of conscience, and not knowing what else to say, told the truth, though it did not excuse him or help the children.

"I'll tell you what—it's the people who do the voting that's to blame for this liquor business. They ought to put in men who don't believe in the thing, and then it would be done away with."

This speech had the desired effect. "Come on, Nan," Phil said, impatiently drawing her to the door. "It's no use, no use at all—the man's jest foolin' us. I told you it wouldn't do no good."

"But," Nan said slowly, as if still in a maze of half-hopefulness, "I believe he's right. If we only could get to the people who are kind 'n' good! There's Mr. Kennedy, you know, the Sunday-school superintendent, when we had clo'es 'n' could go—those were nice days," she added with a touch of brightness in her face, as if for a moment she let slip the present burden in remembering the past.

The street seemed dark after the glare of the saloon. A company of noisy men came reeling round a corner. One of them ran against Nan and she fell, striking her head on an icy door-step. She was stunned and the blood trickled from a gash in her face. The man who ran against her was only partly intoxicated and he turned back quickly at Phil's cry of distress.

"Nan's killed! I know she is!" he said wildly.

The man took her up in his arms saying, "I'll carry her home if you'll tell me where to go."

And then Phil thought it would kill his mother too, if Nan was brought home looking like that, and it wasn't much of a place to take her to, either.

"Can't we carry her in somewhere? Perhaps she'd come to," Phil said, because he didn't know what else to do.

A stream of light came from an open door and the man moved toward it.

"We can get in here. I've been myself, 'n' they're good to everybody."

The man pushed along, and Phil was glad to follow anywhere. It was a bright, pleasant room, with seats and mottoes and an organ, used for a children's temperance meeting.

Two ladies sat by the stove. They had charge of the meeting and had come early to see if things were all right. They came quickly forward as the man entered, and the elder one took Nan into her arms with a little startled cry of sympathy and surprise.

Our Girls.

THE BEST TIME FOR EXERCISE FOR GIRLS.

Medical men will tell you that about two hours' exercise in the open air should be taken every day. But this does not mean you are to take it all at once. Before breakfast is a good time for a gentle walk, yet the delicate should swallow a mouthful or two of milk or eat a tiny biscuit before going out. A glass of cold water does good,

too, before one's walk, and it is a good plan to walk, say a quarter of a mile, to a well, drink a glass of water there and then return. To those who take this advice breakfast will be anything but a make-believe. Never take exercise on a full meal. From two or three hours after is the best time, and if you take your principal exercise before dinner, be sure to allow time for at least a half hour of rest before you sit down; else you are but opening the door for indigestion to walk in and play havoc with your health. Exercise, to be beneficial, must be regular; but perhaps you are afraid of the weather. I pray you be not so; wrap up lightly but well, and defy it. Defy the wind, the rain, and sleet and snow itself; for one does not catch cold when actually taking exercise, I do assure you. Finally, let your exercise be varied, one day this kind and the other that, but always pleasant, always pleasurable, and taken at the same hour after day. It may find it irksome at first, but it will soon become a habit, and your girdon will be—health.—*Selected.*

READING ALOUD.

There is no accomplishment which is so fascinating as the power of reading well; it is a pleasing, although much neglected accomplishment. No music has such a charm as good reading, and where one person will be fascinated by good reading; and where one person can be a good musician, twenty persons can be good readers. It seems to bring back the old authors, and to cause us to imagine ourselves sitting down and talking familiarly with them. What is more charming or interesting than the plays of Shakespeare, when delivered in a full, clear, distinct and well modulated voice? There is no accomplishment which causes so much pleasure in the family or social circle, the invalid's chamber, the hospital, the nursery, as good reading.—*Selected.*

The Little Folks.

WHAT THE RAIN DID.

Little Ted's kite was Japanese. He only longed for a brisk March breeze to set its blue wings flying.

And Gold Locks' hoop—a steely rim—With a dry, clean walk could whirl and skim Had it only a chance for trying.

But it rained, and kept on raining, And both began complaining.

Through the parlor windows' dripping glass They watched winter-chances to pass, Wet hoses, dripping people; They studied the steady weather vane That still said rain, and rain, and rain.

High up on the misty steeps, And listlessly, both together, Kept fretting at the weather.

Fretted and pined; but presently The little girl, Gold Locks, chanced to see Through lashed dimmed with weeping, In a cozy sheltered garden bed, Many a timid pale green head.

Up from the dark ground peeping, So fair and shining and tender, Folded, pointed and slender.

They were the early crocuses, That, waiting for just such rain as this, Down in their darksome prison, Had felt the sweet drops, warm and free, And to be rid of the spring to see

Had rushed and stirred and risen. And at sight of the pretty rain, Was Gold Locks' sadness broken.

She pointed out, with finger glad, The green fresh things to the little lad: "Oh, look at the garden, Teddy, There wasn't a leaf there yesterday, But see what the rain has done to-day, And the buds will soon be ready!"

And though it kept raining, raining, There was no more complaining.

Mrs. Clara Doty Bates.

THE SQUIRREL'S UNEXPECTED BATH.

A TRUE STORY.

BY O. W. S.

One lazy day in summer, a little boy about ten years old (whom we will call Walter) obtained his mother's consent to go to the river near by to fish.

Farm and Garden.

WHAT QUANTITY OF SEEDS.

Mary amateur gardeners have no idea, when making up their list of seeds for the vegetable garden, how much of each kind to purchase. The first point to determine is, what vegetables are to be planted. Then make a diagram of the garden, showing the area to be devoted to each variety, and by the help of the following schedule the amount of seed required may easily be ascertained:—

Quantity of each kind of vegetable seed to sow upon 100 yards of single row: Asparagus, 8 ounces; beans, bush, 3 quarts; beans, Lima, 3 pints; beans, pole, 1 pint; beet, 4 ounces; broccoli, 1-2 ounce; Brussels sprouts, 1-2 ounce; cabbage, 1 ounce; carrots, 3 ounces; cauliflower, 1-2 ounce; celery, 3 ounces; collards, 1-2 ounce; corn, 1 pint; cress, 4 ounces; cucumber, 4 ounces; egg plant, 1-2 ounce; endive, 2 ounces; leek, 2 ounces; lettuce, 2 ounces; melon, water, 2 ounces; melon, citron, 1 ounce; mustard, 4 ounces; okra, 12 ounces; onion, 2 ounces for large bulbs; onion, 6 ounces for sets; parsley, 2 ounces; peas, 3 quarts; pepper, 1-2 ounce; pumpkin, 2 ounces; radish, 6 ounces; rhubarb, 4 ounces; salady, 4 ounces; spinach, 6 ounces; squash, 3 ounces; tomato, 1 ounce; turnips, 3 ounces.

It is suggested by the author of this table that "the thoughtful cultivator will provide himself with a surplus quantity of the seeds he designs to plant, to hold as a reserve for re-planting, to deal with weather, beating rains and insect depredations often destroy the first sowings."—*Examiner.*

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Fish Cakes.—Take any codfish that has been cooked, remove all skin, bone and fat, and make fine. Mix with it mashed potatoes rubbed to a cream with a little butter. One-third as much potatoes, one and one-half, or even the same quantity as you have of fish, can be used. Make it out into little cakes with the hands, and fry in a little butter or fresh suit.

Rice Custard.—One cup of boiled rice mixed with three tablespoonsful of butter, yolks of five eggs beaten, with two heaping teaspoonsful of sugar, until light. Beat the whites stiff and mix with the yolks. Beat all in with the rice, add three teaspoonsful of sweet milk (not skimmed), flavor with nutmeg, lemon, or vanilla, and bake, lightly, in a buttered tin. A rich jelly will form on top if the milk is rich.

Chocolate Cake.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, two and one-half cups of flour, five eggs, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half cup of Baker's chocolate grated and put in the cake before stirring in the flour. Bake in jelly tins in four layers. For filling, wet one pound of white sugar with a little cold water, add the yolks of three eggs, slightly beaten, one-half cake of grated chocolate, cook in boiling water until it thickens, and flavor with vanilla. Spread between the layers and outside the cake.

Macaroni with Cheese.—Macaroni prepared with cheese is a favorite dish with many people. Put the macaroni in boiling water after breaking it in pieces about two inches long; put plenty of salt in the water; let it boil for fifteen minutes, then drain off the water and pour in milk enough to cover the macaroni; let it boil in the milk till it is done; of course you must watch it carefully. When it is tender, put it in a pudding dish, or in some dish in which it can be sent to the table. Put a layer of macaroni in the bottom, with little lumps of butter on it, then a layer of grated cheese, and so on alternately till the dish is full. Cover the top with bread or cracker crumbs, with little lumps of butter on it; set it in the oven till the top is brown, and it is all thoroughly heated.

Remains of roast beef or turkey may be chopped fine and made into balls which should be rolled in flour or bread crumbs and fried for breakfast.

YOUNG MEN AND THE MINISTRY.

Mr. Editor: Permit me through the columns of your paper to speak of a few things which are of much interest to me and to many who are in like circumstances. Much has been said and is said in this day and generation concerning an educated ministry. We, as young men, called of God to preach, feel very keenly the need of this preparation in order to do successful work for our Master; but as "not many wise men are there," and "not many mighty, not many poor, and our intellects, though of good stock, are of very raw material." We are capable of being cultivated, if you like it better, of cultivating ourselves, provided we have the opportunity. I need not tell any one who has worked his way through college that it is hard work. Many a man has come out from college with his future prospects dimmed because of a broken-down constitution, or a debt on his shoulders that keeps him down for ten years, more or less, after he has finished his course.

Last year a noble young man graduated from Wesleyan, and went to his home to die from no other cause than overwork. If the best of our lives and energies are to be used up in college work, what can we expect to do in after life? The work in college is all that a man ought to be required to do. Many of us who have given our lives to the cause of Christ, are obliged to do the regular work of college (I am speaking of Wesleyan), then go to some out-station on the Sabbath, hold prayer-meetings, preach once or twice during the week, besides having the care of the church and its responsibilities. Some of us receive so little that we are obliged to board ourselves, and sometimes go hungry at that. Some, however, are living on borrowed money, and though enjoying it now, must, as soon as they leave college, have a good appointment, or teach school, or struggle for years to come in poverty to pay the debt.

The New England Educational Society, of some assistance, but the amount they help will not carry a man through college by any means, and leaves him in

debt besides. Some of us have received little gifts from those who wish to add their help to the cause of Christ. God bless such helpers! Our hearts go out in humble thanksgiving for such friends to the cause and to us. We have left all to follow Christ. We are to go into all the world and preach the Gospel. It is not for ourselves I ask it. It is for the cause of Christ. It is for the many young men who are struggling manfully for a good preparation for their work, but are overworked, and many are obliged to give it up before they have nearly completed their course. Colleges are being endowed and boasting of being millionaires. Competitive scholarships are offered, but with our work none of these help us. There are many who are not called to leave their homes and sacrifice their lives in this world's work. God has blessed with this world's goods who might lead a helping hand to us and thus further the cause. Some, thank God, have done so. Still there is great need for more help. There are worthy young men in the preparatory schools who are doing their best, and if they could be helped would go to college. Come, brothers and sisters, and help us! Don't put your money in the hands of some professor and tell him to distribute it as he sees fit, but in some way find out the needy ones, and know all about their circumstances, and then you will be better known how to help them. A STUDENT.

A THOUGHT, A WORD.

Only a thought, but the work it wrought, Could never by tongue or pen be taught. For it ran through a life, like a thread of gold. And the life bore fruit—a hundredfold. Only a word, but 'twas spoken in love, With a whispered prayer to the Lord above; And the angels in heaven rejoiced once more. For a new-born soul entered in by the door.

Obituaries.

CHARLES C. SAYER, Registrar of Deeds for the southern district of Bristol County, and one of New Bedford's most worthy and trusted citizens, fell asleep in Jesus, surrounded by his family, on the evening of March 19, in New Bedford, Mass., in the 66th year of his life.

Such has been the high appreciation of the intelligent and faithful discharge of his official duties and estimate of his consistent and generally Christian character, that he has been generally each year nominated by both political parties. No man was more trusted and esteemed in this city by all his fellow citizens. He was a man of the highest Christian integrity.

For years his health has been delicate, but his sudden departure was unexpected, being ill only six days. He was converted and received into membership in the Fourth Street M. E. Church during the pastorate of Rev. Geo. Pool in 1842, and for over forty years has been a most devoted and faithful member. During the years of struggle through which this society has passed, his faith in its final prosperity never wavered, and his faith has been rewarded. He has seen of the desire of his soul. Here he labored most effectively, and by his study and unwavering faith, his steady and consistent Christian life, his eloquent appeals to saint and sinner, which will long be remembered, did much to maintain the influence and standing of this church of his love and choice. Her interests and welfare were dear to his heart. Here he was best known and his deep spiritual nature found its freest and fullest expression. Here he has seen all his children converted and received into the church. How he has prayed at her altar! He seemed to be at the knee of the Almighty and to be talking to Him. He was a man of mighty faith and walked with God.

When his health began to fail years ago, he built a new house by the side of the church, that he might be more constantly attend her services. During his last sickness he said, on Sabbath morning, as the chimes sent forth their music, "I am glad that I have been in the habit of going to church all my life." For nearly forty years he has served the church as steward, class-leader, and Sunday-school superintendent, and was remarkably efficient in all positions. Few laymen and not many ministers could excel him in his understanding, grasp and statement of the theology of our church. His departure is a loss to Methodism in this entire city, in which his father was the first regular Methodist minister. He was loved and honored by other denominations as by his own. Naturally modest and unobtrusive, he courted the quiet retirement of his cultured home rather than the publicity to which his talents would have introduced him.

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But, alas, her sun went down while it was yet day! She was suddenly prostrated by a shock of paralysis. Everything was done that love or money could do, to counteract the disease, and at times there was some encouragement and strong hope; but it proved that heart disease was at the foundation, and it did its work. During her sickness of a year and eight months she was cheerful and happy; not a word of murmur or complaint escaped her lips. A beloved son, like a saint, saying, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth to Him good." The night before her decease she kissed her husband good-night and said, "I am going, and this is the last distinct utterance. In the morning, just as the sun was rising in the east, a ministering spirit came from the heavenly land and carried her up to gaze upon the Sun of Righteousness forever and ever. The large number of relatives and friends who attended her funeral showed that she was highly esteemed and her loss keenly felt.

R. DEARBORN.

Mrs. SARAH BELL EVANS, wife of Rev. C. K. EVANS, of Maine Conference, was born in the town of Baldwin, Me., May 16, 1829, and died in the same town, March 8, 1883, after an illness of eight days, in the 4th year of her age.

Sister Evans began the Christian life with an open profession of religion when she was fifteen years old. At eighteen, the plan of redemption and the believer's privilege in Christ became unfolded to her mind in a clearer manner than ever before, and she accepted Christ as a full Saviour from all sin. This experience was followed by a consecrated life, which led her to take the ordinances and responsibilities of full membership in the M. E. Church. Since then she has lived a life of full devotion to God.

She was endowed with a clear, strong mind, which was well cultivated in the schools, having been a student at Kent's Hill Seminary; and her ambition has ever been to use her God-given powers in building up the Redeemer's kingdom in the world. She was an only daughter, and it was the desire of her parents that she should be the one to live with or near them to care for them in their old age. Such was her own desire, and she married with this in view. She and her husband had gone so far in accomplishing this purpose as to procure material in part for a house to be built near the homestead. But God by His Spirit and providence soon made it apparent to them that she should not leave her home to care for them in their old age. Such was her own desire, and she married with this in view. She and her husband had gone so far in accomplishing this purpose as to procure material in part for a house to be built near the homestead. But God by His Spirit and providence soon made it apparent to them that she should not leave her home to care for them in their old age.

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the amount of his annual subscription. "He being dead, yet speaketh."

He had been three married, and leaves a widow to mourn her loss, also an only daughter, Mrs. Amanda A. Moore, of St. Louis, who was unable to be present at the funeral; but a grandson, John Atwood Moore, from Yale College, came to look upon more upon the face of the "old disciple," and with many other relatives and friends to follow the good man to his resting-place. One has truthfully said, "His work was done; and we who knew him best know how well it was done." The influence of his Christian example will continue to be felt by a large circle to whom his life has been a blessing. He came to his grave "in a full age, a shock of corn coming in his season," fully ripe and ready for the garner.

S.

Died, in South Waldo, Maine, ALANSON A. ORFF, aged 41 years.

Bro. Orff experienced religion and joined the class under the labors of Bro. Orel Tyler, and was baptized by Bro. David Smith. Bro. Orff was a good man, a lover of the cause of Christ, and was constant in attendance upon the means of grace when his health would permit. For the last year his health was very poor. His last sickness was short and painful in the extreme, but grace triumphed. The numerous shall be held in everlasting remembrance. He was a kind husband and father and a good citizen. He leaves a wife and three children and many friends to mourn their loss. S. S. GROSS.

HANNAH SMITH, of Brownville, Me., died March 10, 1883, aged 62 years, 8 months and 10 days. For forty-eight years Sister Smith has been a follower of Christ. During those years she has been an earnest worker in the vineyard of the Master. At her home Sister S. lived the religion she professed, and there the ministers of all denominations met with a hearty welcome. Her earnest devotion to the cause of Christ and her noble feelings have made a lasting impression upon all who knew her, and especially upon those of her household. Most of her children are happy in the love of Christ. Two gave their hearts to the Saviour a short time before her death. Her last sickness was short and severe, but even in those hours she found that the grace of Christ was sufficient for her.

A husband mourns the loss of the wife of his youth. The children feel the loss of a mother who has watched over and cared for them many years. Neighbors miss one who has ever been a friend in the time of need. Truly, she, like Paul, has fought a good fight, she has finished her course, and gone to receive the crown of rejoicing.

F. W. TOWLE.

Mrs. PENNELOPE QUIMBY, wife of Rev. Silas Quimby, of the New Hampshire Conference, died at West Unity, N. H., Feb. 10, 1882, aged 72 years.

Sister Quimby was a daughter of Moses Quimby, who came to Unity in the latter part of the last century and raised a family of fourteen children, twelve of whom grew to maturity, two of them still surviving. Two of the sons (Moses and Mark) became ministers in the M. E. Church. Moses joined the New England Conference in 1816. Mrs. Quimby was a Methodist by birth, education and choice, was converted in early life, and married to Rev. S. Quimby in 1831.

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